



YELLOWSTONE PARK ROMANCE

WILLIAM LEE POPHAM

A. Dean and Jean M. Larsen
Yellowstone Park Collection



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IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

IMIGRANT PEAK. (Note elevation in back-ground) 


PULPIT TERRACE 

Courtesy Northern Pacific R'y





IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

 THE TWIN BEARS

 ANTELOPE

 TOURISTS ENROUTE TO WONDERLAND

YELLOWSTONE PARK

In all the world there is no other tourist resort comparable to Yellowstone Park. It is unique among the scenic regions of the world because, in addition to most of the attractions of the others, it has, besides, the most wonderful natural phenomena known to scientists. Its streams and valleys are not surpassed in beauty by any in the Old World. Its roadways, hotels, and the Wylie Permanent Camp are equal to those of the favorite resorts of Continental Europe. Its area includes, in addition, wonderful geysers, hot springs, the Grand Canyon, and the Great Falls of the Yellowstone. Of that mighty gorge, noted for its riot of color, for artistic and beautiful nature-harmony, there is nothing men have written that is adequately descriptive. Words are trivial and weak when one experiences the overwhelming sensation produced by a first glimpse of its wonders. In all the world there is no more startling scene.

Yellowstone, the largest of our national parks, is located in the heart of the "Rockies," and is the scenic gem of the Great West. It was set apart for the enjoyment and pleasure of the people by act of Congress, March 1, 1872, and consists of a tract sixty-two miles long from north to south and fifty-four miles wide from east to west, with an area of 3,348 square miles. National forests, contiguous on all sides, increase the total area of adjacent government reservations to over 17,000 square miles. The bulk of the Park area lies in Wyoming with the northern and western edges overlapping into Montana and Idaho.

The season is generally from June 15 to September 15. It is traversed chiefly by stage; but persons on foot, bicycle, private conveyance or horseback may enjoy its privileges. No motor-cycles or automobiles are allowed in the Park.

Each day's journey thru the Park unfolds new enjoyments. One finds that there is a cumulative charm and impressiveness in the experiences of each new day. The landscape changes with amazing suddenness. Each wonder spot, when passed, is found to be but the preface to something more inspiring. From the coaches, one observes with increasing surprise nature's varying pageant in which are embraced mountains and canyons, geysers, tumbling streams, hot springs, mud caldrons, paint pots, weird and impressive landscapes, and all that is picturesque, odd, inviting, and agreeable in the world out-of-doors.

The coach journeys from day to day are never long enough to become fatiguing. Each day's trip is from camp to camp, or from one hotel to another, and the longer trips are broken with noon stops at lunch stations, which afford ample rest.

It would be a rare pen which could justly describe the many wonders of this wild and wide domain. One who indulges even in plain, simple narrative description, lays himself open to the charge of romancing, to those who have never seen the Park.

This wonderland affords no legitimate grounds for comparison with so-called similar parks. It is the playground of a great nation—a world-wonder for all the world. In its boundary are mountains ranging from ten thousand to fourteen thousand feet above the sea—one valley with an elevation of about six thousand feet, and geysers that outclass anything of the kind in the known world. There are over thirty-five that throw columns of hot water from thirty to two hundred and fifty feet into the air, at intervals of from one minute to fourteen days, and often longer.

The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, about twenty-five miles long, with an average depth of twelve hundred feet, unsurpassed for brilliancy of coloring by anything else in nature; the Mammoth Hot Springs, with their colored terraces; cliffs of volcanic glass; waterfalls; mountains of petrifications; hills of brimstone; everlastingly snow-clad peaks—all these, with many more, too numerous to mention, are embraced in the people's Park, and over

1,000 miles of some of the best trout fishing in the world is thrown in to help them enjoy it.

The geysers are variously located in three distinct basins which are far enough apart to give the traveler by stage a few geysers with each day's entertainment. These basins are great wastes of a white deposition called in Park vernacular "the formation" under which must be boiling one of the mighty caldrons of the earth, for one can feel under foot a tremble, and can hear thru a hundred orifices the hiss of steam and the angry murmur of the waters below.

Two companies of United States Cavalry are stationed at Fort Yellowstone, and, during the summer, detachments of these troops are placed in different parts of the reservation. Their duties are to patrol the Park, prevent the spreading of forest fires and the commission of acts of vandalism. The troops have authority to make arrests for any violation of Park regulations. Hunting is especially prohibited, and all guns are officially sealed at the entrance to the Park.

The Government has constructed a system of macadamized roads of easy grade throughout the Park, and these are kept sprinkled daily during the Park season.

The Park's average altitude is 7,500 feet; the season days, while warm, are never oppressively hot; the nights are always cool. The fine roads afford splendid surrey and horseback rides. The mountain climbing, the weird character of the scenery, and the wild animals distinguish this domain from any other tourist resort in the world. Within recent years the Government has expended \$1,000,000 in betterments, and the result is a never-ending surprise and enjoyment to those who are so fortunate as to visit this real Eden of the world's wonderland. Favored with a healthful clime, blessed with exciting wonders, famed for the wildest geysers in the world—spewing, singing and dancing amid thousands of awful and yet beautiful boiling springs, hot paint-pots, mud springs, mud volcanoes, mush and broth portraying every color of the rainbow; various hills of sparkling crystals of sulphur, of glass, of cinders and ashes; mountains covered with honey-bloom, moun-

tains icy, snowy or frost-covered; mountains colored like a sunset sky, and hundreds of features too numerous to describe here,—all conspire to make Yellowstone truly a wonderland well worth one's time to visit.

I like to be where God writes history; and in the color-glory mornings and evenings in Yellowstone—its beauties blending with the beauty of the heavens, I felt as if I should like, yea, I longed, to stay forever—to commune with Nature and Nature's God, to write poems and stories of its thousand wonders—to rest and think and dream—yea, really to live in the heart of wonderland.

As a whole, the scenery of the Park is restful and satisfying. What it lacks in the stupendous it makes up in softness of coloring and the gentle undulations that lead gradually to the massive mountains. The green of the pines, lightened and darkened here and there with the shades of different species, is everywhere. The waters of the rivers are dimmed by the shadows; the cascades have a glimmer and sparkle quite their own, and now and then peep out in the sweeps of the distance, little lakes that shimmer in the sun.

NORTH ENTRANCE

The north entrance (via the Northern Pacific) is at Gardiner, Montana, where the lava arch gateway was constructed in 1902, at a cost of ten thousand dollars.

Gardiner is 54 miles from Livingston, Montana.

WEST ENTRANCE

The west entrance (via Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line) is at Yellowstone, Montana, 292 miles from Ogden, Utah, and 328 miles from Salt Lake City, Utah.

GEOLOGY

The whole region has witnessed tremendous volcanic activity at a comparatively late geologic epoch, and the results of this activity, in the form of geysers, thermal

springs, terrace and crater formations, cliffs of obsidian, deeply eroded canyons, petrifications, sulphur hills, solfataris and the like, are of the strangest and most startling description. In that epoch, lava was piled up on the Park plateau to a depth of 2,000 feet.

While the volcanic activity and attendant heat belong to another age, the present high temperature of the subterranean rock is believed to be resultant from that activity. It is the contact of these super-heated rocks with the snow water which has percolated downward thru the fissure veins that produces the varied geyser and hot spring action. It is these manifold manifestations of hydrothermal activity and the eroded canyons, that has made Yellowstone the "Wonderland of the World."

Most visitors are surprised to learn that eighty-four per cent. of the area of the Park is forest, chiefly black pine, red fir, balsam, cottonwood and Englemann spruce. Scattered everywhere on open plain, mountain slope and in the forests, in endless profusion, are wild flowers of over two hundred kinds and almost as many hues.

ANIMALS AND BIRDS IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

To many visitors the sight of wild animals, elk, deer, antelope, bear and smaller animals in the woods and meadows, in the natural state and without fear, is one of the most enjoyable experiences of the trip.

Within recent years the increase in the number of wild animals in the Park is very noticeable. The careful protection accorded them gives them opportunity to multiply, and besides many bears and buffaloes, there are, approximately 2,000 antelope, 200 mountain sheep, 100 white-tail, and 1,000 black-tail, deer, and thousands of elk roaming the Park. The animals offer to molest no one, and are harmless when no attempts are made to annoy or interfere with them. The elk, and particularly the deer, are not infrequently seen near the roadsides and grazing in the vicinity of the camps and hotels.

The tourist season in the Park is the annual feast time or vacation period for the bears. Morning and evening they frequent the garbage heaps and wax fat and sleek upon what the hotels throw away. Then the tourists flock out to watch and kodak them, and a great amount of fun is derived from the antics of the beasts.

Early in the fall the animals come down from the hills and remain in the valleys during the winter and spring. During this time the traveler who will run up to Gardiner from Livingston for a day or two will see on the flats and hills around Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs many mountain sheep, antelope, deer and elk. The sheep, antelope and deer are often thus seen by the hundreds.

Within recent years many of the antelope have remained during the summer to graze on the alfalfa field at and within the north entrance at Gardiner, where they may be seen by tourists.

The buffalo, or bison, are in two herds. Those indigenous to the region are found in a remote part of the Park, and number perhaps twenty-five or thirty. Within recent years a fresh lot of these animals was bought by the government and placed on Lamar river in the northeastern part of the Park. These late arrivals have multiplied and replenished the species, and the success already attained is very encouraging. The herd is steadily increasing, now numbering nearly one hundred.

Mountain lions, which once were quite numerous in the park, are now but few.

There is a colony of moose in a remote part of the Park.

It is pleasing to know that the beaver, once so important a part of animal life in the West, are rapidly increasing in the streams of the Park. Almost every stream shows signs of their presence, and about Towel fall there are several colonies of them occasionally seen by tourists who visit this locality.

Of birds there are many, geese, ducks, pelicans, gulls, eagles, hawks, owls, night hawks, ravens, Rocky Mountain jays, tanagers, bluebirds, water ouzels, blackbirds, meadow larks, robins, and others.

DEDICATION

To Yellowstone—the world's greatest Eden and "show ground," and the warm-blooded, Nature-loving, romance-craving roamer, whose heart is tuned in harmony with the sweet-voiced, free-winged wildwood singers—the roamer who perceives heaven painted in the dew-drop, and finds a fountain of youth-giving life in woods and valleys and hills and mountains, and who finds a home thereamong beneath sky and stars; who seeks the pure, sweet air where cool, thirst-quenching waters flow, and rock-bottom streams sing and laugh and babble—where lakes mirror the sky—heaven in their smiling faces, flowers grown unsown, bloom unharmed, and die to bloom again; where God's own hand makes the saddest landscape divine, whether in downy snow, or sparkling ice-gorge, or fragrant spring, or glorious summer, or color-giving autumn; where sun-loving, water-loving, shade-loving, air-loving plants and grass and buds and trees and vines make a garden of the wildwood—for lovers not only human, but mated birds, big and little animals whose life is sweet to them as life is to us; where the earth's heights and depths and flats and slopes are replete with God's wild blessings—wild music, wild flowers, wild tame-eyed beasts and fowls and varmints, and wild honey; where beautiful, unique, peaceful, quiet, restful, sun-kissed, shade-cooling, balmy, breezy, care-killing scenery abounds; to the roamer who truly loves these and God's carpet, the grass; God's cover-lid, the sky; God's parks, the virgin glen and fields,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

CHARACTERS

KENDRIC RUDELL

A Gentleman Hobo

MISS CLARA DENHART

A Visitor to Yellowstone

BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Poems of Truth, Love and Power.

Silver Gems in Seas of Gold.

Nutshells of Truth.

Love Poems, and the Boyhood of Kentucky's
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Yellowstone Park Romance

WILLIAM LEE POPHAM

DESCRIPTION BEING FROM THE AUTHOR'S OBSERVATION.
BEING ALSO A LASTING SOUVENIR AND CON-
VENIENT GUIDE FOR THE TOURIST

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The author's gratitude is hereby expressed for the courtesies of the Union Pacific, Oregon Short Line, and the Northern Pacific Rail Roads for the use of the valuable aids to description and for the splendid co-operation in making this volume a success.

Yellowstone Park Romance

At the time our story opens there was in the Wylie "office tent," the west entrance to Yellowstone, an exceedingly beautiful woman whose wonderful charm of person and winsome personality rendered her especially conspicuous.

The young woman with chestnut-brown hair tinted with little gleams of gold, and possessing dreamy eyes, as blue as sky or ocean, might truly be said to be the personification of a kiss, the incarnation of an embrace, and the ideal inspiration of a dream of love.

This damsel—Miss Clara Denhart, found herself in the congenial company of other tourists—all of whom were enjoying together a brief rest before entering upon their trip thru Yellowstone.

In a corner of the tent stood a young man—a gentleman hobo, watching the company of tourists in general, and the young woman with chest-

nut-brown hair and blue eyes, in particular. The hobo did not belong to the class of wandering peddlers, saloon loungers, or tin-can trampers with unkempt beard and patched clothing. His face was beardless, his smooth-cut long hair resembled that of an artist or a harpist; his face was strong and guiltless, his forehead high and intellectual, his eyes blue-gray and kindly, with a retiring expression.

The same reticent look lingered about his mouth, tho the lips were firm enough to denote strength of character. But description cannot do him justice, for the soul within gave the face a glory all its own. But he was not what the world would call a handsome man.

The hobo's eyes sought, and suddenly they found and rested upon the face of the blue-eyed young woman. Their eyes met, flashed, and—met again. In one brief second—in a flash—she saw in his eyes pale fields of blue-gray, a something that made her look away—but back just as quickly; something unexpected, inde-

scribable, tender, yet something denoting persistency, strength, power. It was with effort that she turned her head away and tried to converse with the company of tourists. For him, in that magic moment, he felt as one in a strange, adventurous dream; his heart seemed to stand still. But in another second, as if waking from the dream, he resumed his inner power, compelled his thought, and mastered himself. In that brief instant he had made up his mind to meet the girl, to make her acquaintance—and that very quickly, for he knew, from the conversation of the tourists, that they would soon be in the four-horse stage en route thru Yellowstone. It seemed to him that his very life depended upon his success. He deeply felt the strangeness of the situation—the stupendous task for him, an utter stranger, and penniless, “to break into society.”

Realizing there was no time for delay, that within the next few minutes he must win success or be humiliated by defeat, he thought as

in lightning flashes. Upon the ability to tell a good story, depends the success of this class of hobo. Then he must tell a story that will appeal to the peculiar sentiment and temperament of the listener—just here arises the difficulty. The story must be half extemporaneous, and, whether fact or fiction, matters little, if consistent. The story must command attention from the very beginning, and he who tells it must be a ready reader of human nature, and so be able to frame a story that will appeal to the listener.

Only thus may he hope to produce conviction and be able to drive the arrow, as it were, to the heart. A successful hobo of this dignified class, must be an artist, yea, almost a genius. He must spontaneously and instantaneously read in the face of his hearer the very thought therein written.

Erect and dignified, the hobo walked from the corner of the tent to the company of tourists, stood before them as if he owned the National

Park they had come to visit, and in the corner of his eye one might easily detect humor, laughter and kindness. At one and the same instant, the whole company of tourists looked up as the hobo exclaimed, "Alas! or I should say luckily, this pleasure-seeking company escaped the wreck this morning on the Short Line."

"What wreck?" several shouted in one voice.

"The wreck that might have been," replied the hobo, "had the engineer fallen asleep at his throttle."

A merry ripple of laughter ensued, and the hobo followed his success with another story which about won him the acquaintance of every tourist as well as made him a welcome humorist in the travel-weary company.

"Do you know," asked a man of the company of tourists, "what time we arrive at the destination of our first day's coaching in Yellowstone?"

"Four-thirty this afternoon, at the Upper Geyser Basin," was the hobo's prompt and accurate reply.

"You are acquainted with Yellowstone?" the same man asked.

"Only from printed description," replied the hobo, "but I hope to be acquainted from observation, if I win my wager."

"Your wager?" asked another voice.

"Yes, I wagered a college chum \$1,000 that I could hobo thru Yellowstone in first class style without a cent; could go with some congenial company of tourists like this, you know—to help entertain and have some fun."

"But," continued the hobo, smiling, and without waiting for any reply, turning his trouser pockets wrong side out, to show their emptiness—"I guess the success of my wager depends on a popular subscription."

"I ween you'll write a book of your experiences?" ventured one of the elder ladies.

The newness of the thought and the suggestive idea fairly took the hobo's breath.

"Why, yes'm," replied the hobo, "if I can find the inspiration,"—and for one brief sec-

ond, he felt embarrassed at the untruthfulness of his reply.

“Will your book be fiction, poetry or botany?” asked another—all suddenly becoming much interested.

“Oh, love of course!” the hobo replied—“the plot to be fiction and the characters might be taken from actual life—lovers in this company,” added the hobo, with a smile, “if I should be so fortunate as to find a welcome among you.”

“The latter is assured,” replied a large man of the company, and producing a greenback, he added, “here’s ten of your expense.”

“Now, boys,” he continued, “let’s have the ‘hobo author’ illuminate this trip—we need a few smiles and laughs thru Yellowstone.”

The liberal donor smiled at his reference to the new comer, as the “hobo author,” to show that he meant it in a kindly spirit.

The tourists looked questions at one another—but the hobo knew that he had won “on the

book proposition” and his “chosen subject,” for many in the company were lovers—unmarried, but—determined to “make some hay” while “doing” Yellowstone.

The contribution seemed to drag, and realizing how critical the moment, the hobo said:

“In writing the book I shall have to find a true definition of love, will not some one volunteer to offer his or her conception of this world-old ‘malady’?” No response being immediately forthcoming, the man who gave the “ten,” broke the silence by saying:

“We’ll hear your definition of love, in poetry.”

“No, in prose,” demanded another.

“I’ll comply with both requests,” replied the hobo, “first in poetry then in prose.”

The hobo realized that upon the cleverness of his extemporaneous effort would depend his success—his hope to make the lasting acquaintance of the girl with chestnut-brown hair and dreamy blue eyes. His wager faded into insig-

nificance at thought of the girl. He had invited the crucial moment, he had solicited the request, had anticipated it, and it had been made. Now could he give two definitions of love—one in poetry, the other in prose, to the satisfaction of the whole company? Could he make good his pretense of author—an idea suggested by a stranger? Could he ride in on such pretense? Now, for one glance to inspire him! Looking into the blue eyes of the girl for whose sake he had made the hazard, the hobo read in her look a whole book, the chapters of which revealed her temperament, her nature. He saw that she was not one to be carried away by brilliancy and gayety, but rather that she loved dim lights and mournful music, and found a melancholy pleasure in sad suggestion. Here he found the key to her admiration, and at the same time received a suggestion by whose aid he might command the applause of the whole company. He knew that to render an adequate definition of this most potent and most sacred of all words

—a definition which would appeal to her inner nature and win her approval—meant simply the applause of all present, for recognized as being a young lady of superior charm and personality, she was exceedingly popular with the whole party.

Then came the hobo's poem—spoken in a voice at once harmonious, musical, and tender—yet eloquent.

LOVE IS LIFE'S ROSE.

In the heart of life's garden
 Where dead thorns repose—
Love is among them,
 The beautiful rose.
A smile, is both sunbeam
 And dew to its lip;
And kisses, the nectar
 For lovers to sip.

In plucking the rose,
 'Tis well we should warn
The eager young fingers
 To look for a thorn.
It grows with the rose
 In the shadows of night;
But often unseen
 In the splendor of light.

Both beauty and fragrance
 The rose might distill—
Inspiring the heart
 With a rapturous thrill.
But life's rose, or love—
 Be it made very plain—
Cannot mature and endure
 Without thorns of pain.

Luckily, and as the hobo had intended, the poem kindled a sort of inner enthusiasm in the blue-eyed girl, who, with a smile, started the applause in which the whole company simultaneously joined. When the cheers had but slightly subsided, the hobo commenced the prose definition—for at a glance of his keen, nature-reading eye, he knew he might capture the other dispositions as he list.

“Love in its completeness is made up of two great elements—first, the element that is wholly spiritual, that is capable of sympathy, and tenderness, and deep emotion. The other element is the physical, the source of passion, of creative energy, and of the truly virile qualities, whether it be in man or woman.”

“Love,” continued the hobo, “is the golden fact of all fiction; the one star of life that shines brightest when the night is the darkest; the soul’s ‘daily bread’; the only touch that can wake the saddest and the sweetest notes on the harp of a thousand strings, the human heart; the

only builder of a new home and maker of happy lives; the only karat of the soul's gold that makes men and women more valuable than the swine, and a little lower than the angels; and is the only grace of life for which a good woman would die if needs be, or for which a man would follow a woman to the earth's end to win—such'', added the hobo, "is my conception of love's true definition."

Again unanimous applause followed, interrupted only by flying currency and silver—five dollars being given by the blue-eyed girl.

In a moment the necessary amount was contributed, and the man who had at first contributed the ten, after learning the hobo's name, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is with the profoundest pleasure that I introduce to this company so congenial a gentleman, yea, so great a genius as our new friend, Mr. Kendric RuDell, whom we shall not suffer to lose his unique wager."

Immediately the name of each tourist was called, and to each "Mr. Kendric RuDell" gave a polite bow in recognition. A few moments later the hobo's ticket having been purchased with the contributed fund, the whole company were in the high-seated stage, drawn by four fine horses en route thru the world-wonder Yellowstone.

Naturally and unobtrusively, RuDell made it convenient to sit with Clara Denhart, who alone had inspired his effort. The book-writing pretense had gone so far that RuDell now considered it impossible to correct. Despite his embarrassment, he decided it best for him to "become an author." Then came to his mind the unpleasant fact that he had neither pen, pencil nor piece of paper in his suit case.

"A poor workman," he thought, "without tools."

But another idea relieved him:

"I can pretend to write from memory—without notes."

Of course, some biography was necessary. So he told them how he had, with the inborn instinct of a roamer, left college a week before on the thousand-dollar wager. At the mention of the wager, a very pious elderly lady asked in a frank, but sweet way, "But, Mr. RuDell, is it not wrong to gamble?"

For a second the hobo was startled, and the others were embarrassed in their sympathy for the man. But the hobo, whose mental, as well as other resources, were being wonderfully augmented, and, we might say, also stimulated, replied quite readily:

"Not under the circumstances, I think, for the young man from whom I am winning the money, is fast becoming a victim to strong drink, and his periods of abstinence, it seems, prevail only when he lacks money to purchase whiskey."

"Being wealthy," continued the hobo, "his parents foolishly gave him \$1,000 above a sufficiency to pay for his board, clothes and tuition.

And even his best friends are of the opinion that if I win this wager, it will be a heaven-sent blessing to the young fellow, who, without whiskey, is studious and punctual; but with it, becomes a drinking derelict."

At this conclusion, nearly everybody was ready to give applause and show approval of the hobo's ingenious reply. But whether fiction or fact, it seemed to satisfy the pious lady who at last said:

"Well, Mr. RuDell, oddly so, but I do believe that the wager, on your part, is the act of a gentleman."

The word "gentleman" brought up a new word for discussion.

"You gave us such a splendid definition of love," said one of the ladies, "now, won't you be obliging enough to give us your definition of the word gentleman?"

"To be a gentleman," replied RuDell, "is to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin; to have esteem for your fellow

citizens and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; to lend a hand to the weak; not to under-estimate the little things of life; to speak kindly to every one; to look for the good and try to forget the bad in others; to know that one's self is not faultless; to respect ladies as one's own mother, and girls as one's own sister, or not associate with them; to be honest with the woman you love, and when married to her, always to treat her as a bride and—shall I add? to be sweethearts all the way to heaven.”

With a flash of his powerful blue-gray eyes, RuDell continued: “The man who measures up to this standard may not exist, but one who tries diligently, and without parade, to attain it, ought to pass for a gentleman anywhere.”

RuDell's conception of a gentleman was heartily approved by everybody in the company. Having had a respectable introduction to Clara, and having been able to observe her more closely, RuDell was convinced that her charms bore

close inspection, and he felt that his efforts had thus far been satisfactorily fruitful. As the moments passed, RuDell directed his conversation to Clara, while the other members of the company conversed among themselves and enjoyed the tame scenery of their first few hours in Yellowstone.

RuDell saw again Clara's blue eyes, questioning and significant—eyes that maddened him, and that claimed attention, revealing, as they did, so much of her soul's beauty. A woman's eyes can speak quite as eloquently as a woman's tongue.

In love's vocabulary woman's tongue is polyglot. Miss Denhart could look at our pseudo-author without an apologizing blush—even with penetrating and commanding effectiveness. In his make-up she perceived a strong character, and with rare ability to do big things in the world; the crimson curve of his full lips, with such a gift of ready speech, had an unexpected subtle and winning charm.

YELLOWSTONE PARK ROMANCE

The stage followed along Madison River, a most entrancing, winding, boulder-strewn stream.

Journeying onward they enjoyed every clump of flowers by the splendid road-side, anticipating new scenes of odd nature, and the beauties of an Eden of wonders; onward past flocks of wild geese and ducks inhabiting the river, and the not distant snowy peaks of mountains. As RuDell talked of scenery, instead of watching the objects of his conversation, Clara turned more and more toward the man. His voice was deep, and pleasing, and his description of scenes were wonderfully beautiful.

En route along the Madison and Gibbon rivers the traveler takes notice of the contrasts of the streams. Here the river is swift and rippling, yonder almost still and full, with no height of banks—there fenced on one side by a tall cliff or mountain-side—and always clear and sparkling.

After a few hours' journey, the first manifestations of hot springs are seen on the north

side of the roadway. Outside of Yellowstone it might be interesting, but here it deserves only passing notice.

A farther drive of four miles up the trout-abounding Gibbon, brings the party to the Wylie Gibbon Lunch Station at the junction of the "loop" road.

After an hour or more spent in rest and refreshment here, the afternoon's journey, thru the Lower Geyser Basin and the Midway Basin to the Wylie Permanent Camp in the heart of the world-famous Upper Geyser Basin, is begun. In the former basin, the Fountain Geyser and numerous hot springs are found, but the most interesting display is the "plopping" of the curious Mammoth Paint Pots.

Located on the road-side, these Paint Pots consist of boiling, bubbling mud in colors of cream, rose, red and pink. Resembling a mass of thickened paste, this hot mud puffs up little jets of steam—and the tints of color require no stretching of the imagination to see them clear-

ly. Their softness and beautiful colors remind one of ice cream in the stage of melting.

Among other interesting points en route, and within five feet of which rolls the stage, is Morning-glory pool—with its color of boiling water is gesting its name. This pool of boiling water is about 2x7 feet. The border of blue and the other blend of morning-glory colors are perfect, and conspire to make this a point of much interest to all visitors.

Arriving at the Wylie Camp in the Upper Geyser Basin, about four-thirty in the afternoon of their first day's journey, the company of tourists hastened to Riverside Geyser, a few hundred yards distant, where they beheld this geyser in action. The flowing of a vertical stream of boiling water and steam across the river's edge, and the rain-bow effect in the sunlight, greatly increased the interest of the new comers—especially when they learned that they had arrived in the very center of a spot where one could stand still and count the eruptions by the score.

A few hours later, the Giant Geyser played, shooting its discharge to a height of two hundred and fifty feet.

Having formed a congenial acquaintance, Rudell and Clara walked over the camping-ground together, and were pleasantly surprised to find almost a "little city" of tents erected in "street like" rows—set against a background of pine and fir, with driveways, streets and by-paths leading in all directions. All the sleeping tents—individual, family and four-room compartment—are erected on raised wooden floors, framed and double-topped to insure dryness. The interiors are the acme of camp-comfort.

After supper in the big tent with a capacity of one hundred and twenty-five diners, almost the entire "population of the tent city" assembled around the nightly camp-fire where jollity and good cheer were manifest by the singing of songs, the telling of good stories and the popping of corn. Here strangers soon become friendly and all formality disappears.

CHAPTER II.

It was late in the evening at the Upper Geyser Basin, when Clara and RuDell sat together in a quiet spot of the camp-ground:

“I trust that your book will be successful—the blending of romance with the wonderful scenes of Yellowstone,” said Clara, turning a beautiful, radiant face to RuDell.

“If it’s a success,” replied RuDell, “it will be because of the inspiration of your presence.”

The girl’s blue eyes met the powerful blue-gray eyes of the man.

“Oh, you flatter me, Mr. RuDell, I could not—my—my—presence,” she corrected, “could not inspire an author, but the Park, so full of life and so alive with living things, birds, animals, flowers, green trees and grass, odd scenes—all this should inspire you.”

“But you are like the Park,” he replied, “you are beautiful—full of life; your eyes more wonderful than all wonders of Yellowstone combined; you can, you do, inspire me.”

“Will you write any of your book in your room tonight?” questioned Clara, as if she sought to evade a direct reply.

For a moment RuDell felt a queer guilt—felt that he had made a great mistake in having permitted the belief that he was an author, or that he intended writing a book. But an unintentional falsehood might grow into a fact; yea, a mighty truth, if often repeated, and with the honest purpose of making it a truth. RuDell might have been an author, without the pretense, had he known his ability—and had the courage to compel the world to know it by a demonstration of his genius. Into his soul there swept a conflict of emotions, yet one only among them was he sure of—that, whatever Clara’s feelings toward him might be, he did not wish to deceive her in his pretense.

“I am not so sure that I shall write a book, Miss Denhart,—anyhow, I’ll not write any part of it tonight in my room; I’m going to give myself up to thinking of you only.”

He could see her more clearly now in the soft moonlight—the slender, graceful figure, the flash of her beautiful eyes; the white, filmy gown, and lovely upturned face; the wealth of chestnut-brown hair now golden in the moonlight.

Like a raging fire the influence of the woman had come over him, consuming his every thought, arousing all that was lovely and trusting and tender in his man's heart. Yielding to an overmastering emotion—a mystery of the heart, he took her little hand in his, pressed it tenderly in his fingers as if it were a white lily, and for a moment they sat, exchanging those silent messages of the soul, such as so often determine human destiny. Then he lifted the little hand to his red lips, kissing it with all the tenderness and reverence of the devoted lover.

He was breathing rather quickly. For the moment the incident had taken him out of himself—his sensation was one of very masculine pleasure at seeing young beauty yield to his de-

mand. She had been extremely winning at the moment of her yielding; it had been the sweet yet spirited submission which may have in it infinite grace.

Then quickly, a little harshly perhaps, she withdrew her hand from his gentle pressure, saying, "Mr. RuDell, I cannot grant you this liberty again."

His manner at once became apologetic and his face pale and full of entreaty.

Who can read a woman's heart? Which of us, having gained love and all its fullness, having held in our arms the answer to all our vague questionings, can read the heart of woman? Altho Clara accepted his attentions sweetly and readily enough, and seemed not averse to his company, yet was she modest and commanded deference and respect.

The evening, with the splendid moon, half in clouds, seemed almost divine, as they arose and walked to the camp. In his quiet "tent-room" that night, RuDell lay thinking until the moon grew dim—thinking only of Clara.

The time came that same evening, while Clara was alone in the sweet solitude of the night, when she ceased to struggle against the tender emotions that were awakening in her bosom. She was deeply impressed with the man. She perceived that while he was by no means a youth, his manner suggested a certain boyishness—a rare tenderness, and she felt that his emotional heart beat in as manly a bosom as ever a hero possessed. Seating herself on the edge of the bed, she regarded one slight hand with its row of dimples, like the impress of beads. Then the beating of her heart recommenced, and fiercely, exultantly kissing the hand that RuDell had kissed, she sank to her knees.

Then she uncovered the hand where his kiss seemed to linger visibly on the delicate flesh. Nothing could take from her that instant, when the whole meaning of the man had seemed to be concentrated on the little spot. With a woman's divine egotism, she believed that she un-

derstood from the kiss the most spiritual fibers of his nature, and the world of tenderness in her, seeming to meet a world of tenderness in him, the kiss stood to her for a bond, a link between them.

She would have liked to sing, to tire herself with the expression of her joy; but in the next breath a pessimistic sentiment possessed her; for she realized that many a timid girl had lost love's battle while a bolder woman carried off the prize. In this fear, however, she was mistaken. A woman's timidity, virtue and modest blush will win a true man when all else fail. As if rocked to sleep in the kind, shadowy arms of the cool night, Clara reposed in the elysium of a lover's dream.

The following morning the sun had risen when the company of tourists had eaten breakfast, and were escorted by a courteous guide to the wonderful scenes of and among the many geysers in the heart of Upper Geyser Basin.

After the first night of "love's young

dream," RuDell and Clara were together with the crowd—often walking "arm in arm," and enjoying alike the uniqueness and greatness of the morning ramble.

Nature has lavished her gifts on the region of the Yellowstone—wild woodland, crystal rivers, gorgeous canyons and sparkling cascades—all under the guard of mountain sentinels around whos lofty heads group every form of cloud castle that vagrant winds can build. But of all the wonders that God in His mysterious way has there worked to perform, none is so strange—so startling—as the geysers.

To count them, great and small, would be like counting the stars, and to measure in words their awful power, or picture their splendor of sparkle and symmetry—that, no one can do. They must be seen to be appreciated, and once seen—the memory and mystery of them will linger to the end of the longest life. They are as different as geysers can be. There are dead geysers—dead from burst throats—mere boil-



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ing pools now—shaped to resemble a variety of familiar things; with depths that the eye cannot sound, and colors—blues, greens, purples, reds—down their deep sides and in the wonderful tracery about their rims, so blended, so beautiful that one may well believe that all the paints on the palette of the Master were commingled in their decoration.

One blubbers and gurgles and grumbles awhile, and then with an angry roar lifts a great column of mud into the air. Another steams and growls thru an orifice hundreds of feet wide in seeming angry spite that years ago it blew out its throat and ceased to gush forever.

The coming and going of the geysers is an astonishing and awe-inspiring spectacle, and so accurately timed and so certain to perform are they, that no one need miss the experience. The geyser passive is a hole at the summit of a cone. The cone rises gradually from the plane of the formation and, ragged and deep, growls hoarsely and steams fitfully. Thus it is a moment be-



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fore its time for activity, and then comes the geyser active. There is a loud preliminary roar and then suddenly, with a rush and power almost terrifying, a white obelisk of scalding, steaming water is lifted into the air sometimes 250 feet, and there held scintillating and glistening in the sun until the play is over, when it sinks gradually back whence it came, or overflows, and the fitful growling and steaming begin anew.

Every geyser has a time of its own and there are thousands of them, varying in size from the little growler that sputters and spits a thimbleful from its tiny throat, to the Giant that three times a month plays for ninety minutes, 250 feet high.

How old the geysers are, recorded time does not tell, but one or two of the wise men, who are always measuring the duration of things by some system of calculation, have determined by multiplying the deposition from each eruption by the height of the cone, that the Giant, for in-

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stance, has been playing some thousands of years.

If those who come and go across the land every year on pleasure bent, only knew how curious and beautiful geysers are, the National Park would count its visitors by increasing multitudes.

But the geysers that most attract are the regular-timed spouting wonders—the Giant and Giantess, Old Faithful, the Grand, the Fountain, the Castle and others, whose names mark the geography of the Park.

Having visited and seen the scenes of geysers of greater fame, and having seen most of them in action, the guide escorted the party of tourists to the Haynes' Picture Shop where were found an abundance of Yellowstone pictures in natural colors, making most beautiful and appropriate souvenirs.

A few moments later, the party followed the guide to see "Old Faithful Geyser" play, and hardly had the tourists arrived before the erup-

tion started. Old Faithful Geyser is the center of the Yellowstone landscape, and by the regularity of its eruptions, it merits its name.

The great blast of water, shooting upward 150 feet and falling at its base in sprays and mist and steam reflects all the colors of the prism, producing an astonishing effect. Visitors stand fascinated for hours to see it play again and again.

In imagination, lift in a symmetrical cone two hundred and fifty thousand gallons of scalding, steaming water one hundred and fifty feet high and hold it there three minutes; jewel the grand fountain with a million diamonds; filter thru it the hues of innumerable dancing rainbows; commingle in confusion every sound of splash and splutter—and you will have a faint idea of Old Faithful in action.

It is the immutable water-clock of the Yellowstone—the most perfect illustration of geyseric phenomena—the most famous and beautiful geyser in the whole world.

The note of the beginning of the play of the geyser is an angry growl down deep in its throat whence almost instantly the water, in rapid recurrent leaps, forms the stately fountain that plays several minutes then slowly sinks into the earth to await its time to rise again. Sometimes the winds unfold from its top an iridescent banner of spray; but more often the fountain form is a perfect cone.

Old Faithful plays about every seventy minutes and seldom disappoints. Visitors to the Park may therefore see it under various conditions of light. In the daytime, under the sun, it glistens and gleams with prismatic hues; but the most enchanting hour to witness its performance is that when night is falling—when the dusk is around it, and the last faint tints of the sun linger in the sky. Then it is a spectre in ghostly white standing against the sombre background of the wilderness—a sight strange and startling and never to be forgotten.

It has long been the custom at Old Faithful Inn to flood the geyser at night with the rays of a searchlight. Then the spectacle takes on new features—all the rainbow hues are there, and looking thru the fountain along the sweep of light, one sees a bediamonded form more beautiful than any ever wrought by the hands of the Ice King.

Verily, Old Faithful is one of the most wonderful presentations in all the repertoire of Nature.

Next the party of tourists were escorted thru Old Faithful Inn—a short walk from Old Faithful Geyser. A most unique hotel characterizes this quaint, refined building of incomparable “oddness.” In a class by itself and having required great genius in its construction, it is original in its originality.

The great building is several stories in height and is a long, wide, high mass of related angles, gables, dormers, roof, porches and pillars that, viewed by close inspection, form a picture never

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to be forgotten. It is constructed of trees cut from the mountains and sawed and trimmed on the ground. The huge structure of logs and unplaned timbers is accurately fitted together. Crooked and twisted limbs of all shapes and sizes, and rough gnarls have been utilized in most novel and effective ways. Enticing nooks and imposing corridors are seen. An enormous lava chimney, with a mammoth fireplace and an immense clock, welcomes the guest the moment he enters the door and stands within the vast lobby. This lobby, and office, is 75 feet square and 92 feet high, with rustic balconies on three sides reached by an equally rustic stairway. The furnishings are in the Arts and Crafts style, and in all represents an expenditure of about \$200,000. Old Faithful Inn is supreme of its kind, and is the most popular hotel home in the country. It is a surprising example of what art, when properly directed, can accomplish in the handling of crude materials.

Next, the delighted party of tourists were escorted to Klamer's Curio store where they found a splendid stock of merchandise—including booklets, photographs, colored pictures and other souvenirs of Yellowstone.

From this abundant store, a coach conveyed the tourists back to the camp-ground—stopping en route to view the queer little boiling pool in which “the devil takes in washing.” Many of the party threw their handkerchiefs into this pool which sucks them to regions below and out-of-sight—returning the handkerchiefs in a moment, to the surface. Next, and the last point of the morning's interest, and, perhaps, as beautiful as any other scene in Yellowstone, was Emerald Pool, in which gorgeous deep green colors appear.

CHAPTER III.

My dear friend Elsie:—

For the first moment, I am having time to write that promised letter. This is Sunday night—my third day in Yellowstone. This morning we left the Wylie camp at the Upper Geyser Basin, at eight o'clock, having spent two nights and one whole day there among the hundreds of geysers, which I cannot here describe, but of which I shall have much to tell when I come home. Our first point of greater interest en route this morning was Kepler Cascade—a mile from Old Faithful Inn. The stage stopped at the platform, and “we” (will tell later in the letter who helps to make the “we’)—we walked out upon a safe-banistered plank-walk over the rocks, from which we had a fine view of the cascade and canyon, looking downward, I suppose, several hundred feet. Here a beautiful rivulet tinkles down the rock-lined valley—dropping several score of feet over great boulders, dashing and foaming over the stone obstructions in triumph, and then resuming its peaceful journey down the deep valley in the very heart of

the primitive forest. Having passed the Continental Divide, we had noon lunch at the Thumb Lunch Tent, and all were ready for the splendid "goodies" in the dining-tent awaiting us. After luncheon, we went to the "garbage dump" to see the bears, and enjoyed their cunning maneuvers immensely. Next we visited the boiling paint pots where many pools of hot, bubbling mud of many colors entertained us, as if conscious of our interest in their actions. Next a short walk led us to the famous Fishing Cone on the shore of Yellowstone Lake.

The Fishing Cone is a pool of boiling water confined within a circling cement-like wall of its own formation. One may sit upon the round edge of this hot pool and catch fish from the lake of cool, blue water—and then turn to the cone, and boil the fish without walking a step. Leaving the Thumb Lunch Station at two o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived here at the Yellowstone Lake Camp at five o'clock this afternoon. The first thing after registering at the "office tent," was "making friends with the

bears." Some of them ate sugar from our hands and became real friendly, while we chased another (a great black one, weighing about 400 pounds) up a pine tree to a height of about seventy feet. The black and the brown bears are quite friendly, but, Elsie, you just ought to see them "run up a tree," and see the tourists scatter, at the arrival of the "silver tips." The "silver tip" is the most vicious of all the bears in the Park, and the other bears, as well as tourists, decline all opportunities to gain intimate friendship. Across the Yellowstone Lake from this place, we have a splendid view of a snow-capped range of mountains—and among them is the Giant's Head—often called "The Sleeping Giant."

This profile of a giant's face is plainly outlined against the sky—on the very mountain-top—requiring no stretch of imagination to perceive its features. Before supper, I fed two beautiful, full-grown elk, crackers from my hand, and you just ought to have seen these

gentle-eyed, innocent animals thus closely inspected.

After supper the boys made a great bon-fire, around which the jolly crowd of tourists sat in the midst of "a pop-corn picnic." In this hour we enjoyed a beautiful reminder of the Sabbath, for an organ was brought out-doors—around which a splendid choir assembled to sing sacred songs, every quality of voice being represented and sweetly audible. For a few moments the songs ceased while we watched the moon rise across the lake, from over the mountain-top.

O Elsie, the beauty of this scene! It would take a poet's pen to describe its silver gleam upon the still water, for it seemed like the bursting radiance of a new world wrapped in gentle, heavenly light. Surely it was "a lover's moon" of which poet's write, for of all the soft blend of light and gentle, enchanting beauty of "moonlight poetry," this scene was the climax. "A lover's moon!" Elsie, do you comprehend my sentiment? Well, I guess you'll laugh, but here goes for the important news:

Just before I started into the Park, my eyes met the eyes of a "college chap," and in some dignified way (I never knew how it happened,) I became acquainted with this young fellow who has since become my escort thru Yellowstone. Elsie, I won't say that I'm in love with him, but to say that the handsome, and intelligent young fellow is very interesting, is to put it mildly. Of course, I suppose our acquaintance is far from permanent, but I think he has an idea of making it so. Elsie, did a man ever make love to you in a "dignified way"? Well, you just ought to have some of my experience—just a taste any way. It beats the silly "hand-holding" an hundred fold. My new friend is my definition of a genius—a real story-teller, entertainer and hypnotizer. The latter being an unconscious talent on his part, but nevertheless, he leads you on and on with all the ease, it seems, with which one lures a child with a lump of sugar. But, of course, he cannot toll me—for I am hardly a child, you know. You know I am very independent with men—but at the same time, my heart is

flesh; for if there is anything a romantic woman likes better than the wooing of a "congenial, all-round man," it is "more wooing." But enough now, regarding my new friend, lest you think that I'm in love.

The "savages" are very courteous and attentive to the tourists, and I like this real camp-life in which I have not encountered any discomfort whatever.

Oh, I was about to forget to tell you who are the "savages." You poor, ignorant thing! The "savages" are the employees about the campground—composed mostly of college boys and girls who seek employment during their vacation. The tourists are called the "dudes," the stage drivers—"skinner," and the soldiers the "swoddies."

Well, you old girl, I am obliged to close, for the time-card, telling the "dudes" to rise in time for a six o'clock breakfast, reminds me of the necessity of sleeping "while it is yet time." More about the trip and "the man" later.

CLARA.

CHAPTER IV.

My dear Elsie:—

Another full day of sight-seeing in this unique wonderland. Left Yellowstone Lake Camp this morning at 7:15, and, of course, in the company of my new friend, Mr. RuDell. Isn't that an aristocratic name? So different from Smith and Jones! But the man himself is as uncommon as his name, for he is a natural-born optimist, always seeing the flowers amid the thorns, and always brimming over with that goodly virtue called cheerfulness. At our first acquaintance, I only thought that his expressive eyes made him handsome, but I find that beyond this, he has that natural gallantry, nobility and affection which alone make the homeliest man a handsome fellow. You know, Elsie, that I have long since decided that a bird is not to be appreciated merely for its plumage but for its song, for it is its sweet melody that makes the song-bird beautiful. You would not call my newly found genius a handsome man, for you,

my little friend, are inclined to "look at the bird's feathers."

Our first point of greater interest, en route, this morning, was the Hayden Valley of spreading meadows, thru which runs the beautiful Yellowstone River, on whose bosom we saw great flocks of wild geese, duck, and even gulls, fish-hawks and pelicans. This valley of abundant grass slopes to high hills on each side—and is one of the chief feeding grounds of the elk, the antelope and the deer.

Next we came to the great Mud Geyser, only a few steps to the left of the road. I think that if the devil ever owned and controlled any thing, this is his very own. They tell us that twenty years ago the eruptions were so violent that the dark, thick, pasty mud was thrown more than a hundred feet from the crater, covering the near-by trees with a slime that completely coated and dried their branches. Now this ex-volcano, but present geyser, is a seething, restless, boiling, spouting, angry caldron of thick,

muddy water—constantly puffing and rising to a height of from two to ten feet, and falling back into the geyser's yawning mouth, only to erupt and spew again and again. This awful scene might inspire some to poetry, but to me, it's a black streak in my luck—for it was here where Mr. RuDell met a woman who, he said, in excusing himself "for a few moments," was one of his lady friends at college. This lady was one of the party of tourists from the stage just in front of us, and who, stopping to see the geyser, were still enthralled by its awfulness when we arrived. When the stage started, and upon her invitation, Mr. RuDell was invited to fill a vacant seat in the coach in which she rode. This invitation he accepted, and she has since quite monopolized his company. Of course I don't care, for I am not in love with the man, but you know how I feel under such, naturally embarrassing circumstances. This woman and Mr. RuDell may be friends, but unlikely, "friends only," for I think I can tell when a couple pass-

es beyond the stage of friendship to the deeper sentiment of love. But as this matter is quite immaterial to me, I will pass on, endeavoring to describe the scenes of the day. Next we (the tourists in the rear stage, minus "the Mr. Rudell,") we passed Trout Creek which forms, by its natural winding and graceful curves, the trade-mark of the Northern Pacific R. R.

A landscape gardener could hardly channel the grassy curves of the creek more accurately.

Next we had the stage-driver take us about an hour's side-trip across the hillside to the Sulphur Mountain, on the western slope of which are boiling sulphur springs and small geysers discharging the yellow sulphur in its crude state—and depositing layers of it sometimes to a thickness of six to twelve inches. While off the main road, en route to this point of interest, we saw a herd of elk numbering several hundred, and some deer. Next we came to the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone River, which has a perpendicular drop of 112 feet.

But these are tame scenes to the tourist, and minor attractions in comparison with "The Great Falls" of the Yellowstone (often called the Lower Falls) being a quarter of a mile below the Upper Falls.

The Great Falls of the Yellowstone, 360 feet in height—which is more than twice the height of Niagara—can be truly described as the greatest water-fall in the world (considering the size of the stream.) The river narrows down from a width of 250 feet to exactly 74 feet at the brink, where it suddenly leaps in awful swiftness and power to the depths of the great rock-bottom of the beginning of the most beautifully colored canyon in all the earth. To view the Great Falls from the canyon depth, while standing a few yards from out the mist, bankrupts one's vocabulary and reduces to a beggarly list the whole stock of superlatives known to the English language, even stifling the most vivid imagination. From this depth, the brink of the Falls seems only a few feet beneath the blue sky, and, cir-

cling the mist below, is a perfect rainbow—unsurpassed by any that ever circled the bosom of the heavens.

But this awe-inspiring plunge of crystal water is only the beginning of its associate wonder—the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, which is over 2,000 feet wide across the top, 1,500 to 1,700 feet deep, from 75 to 150 feet in width at the bottom, and about 25 miles long from the Falls north and east. Its steep, slanting, towering banks, streaked and spotted with sand in all the colors of the rainbow, and the permanency of its distinct colors, conspire to make this the greatest canyon (except in size) any where in the known world. Its indefinable beauty and grandeur will ever live in the tourist's memory, for here are poems untold, pictures uncopied, and all the colors of the sea and the heavens spread out beyond the eye's power of comprehension. In all, there are about a score of different colors of sand, found beautifully distributed in spots and streaks upon the

canyon walls. Between its great walls, skillfully built upon the summit of towering rock-steeples near the river-side, eagles build their nests, and can be seen both in their nests, and teaching their eaglets to fly. These, the kings of all birds, the birds that soar the highest, defying every storm, and whose image is stamped upon the hard money of the foremost of American nations, have sought the safest and most indescribable retreat between earth and heaven, for here they nest and hatch unharmed by their greatest enemy, man, and are protected by the great nation whose money they adorn.

It is a sight of no little interest to see the mother-eagle, when tired of the chirping or whistling of her young, push them out of the nest, thus teaching them to fly.

If the young eaglets flutter in an uncertain way, the great mother in her wisdom and mother-love, flies beneath them, catching them upon her back, and then darting from beneath them, till they learn to fly in safety and at will.

The "Castle Walls" of the canyon, comprising a thousand pinnacles, shaped by the elements thru the ages, richly tinted in many colors, with increasing beauty of tint and hue in the washing rains, and kissed dry by the golden sunshine—present a real nature-picture which cannot be described by the most eloquent tongue or pen. A more expert and facile word painter than I thus attempts a description:

"The Canyon and Falls of the Yellowstone beggar description. They are twin wonders in a Wonderland. Is there any other gorge as gorgeous as that Canyon? With such gaiety of coloring—with such delicate and lovely shades of yellows and reds, purples and pinks, greens and crimsons, all commingling in harmony from the green-fringed brink, down, down the craggy sides into sombre depths where the writhing, gleaming ribbon of river, thousands of feet below, plunges along on its winding way to the sea?

And the falls—the drapery of the canyon—the two silvery curtains that hang at its head—a great river pouring over a precipice and falling in glassy sheets hundreds of feet, then ruffling and flouncing and festooning until lost in the rainbow-hued mist at their feet.

See all this as thousands have and thousands will from “Inspiration Point”—a rocky balcony over the gorge, with the eagles’ nests below you—or from “Artist’s Point” on the other side, where Moran transferred the glories of canyon and falls to canvas; or see it from any of the other places where tourists love to linger and look, and you will see the most tremendous, stupendous, alluring and altogether splendid spectacle that Nature ever spread out for the wonder, amazement and delight of mortal eyes.”

Elsie, if my poor pen could describe, I would not cease writing till you saw in your own imagination, what I have seen. But these things must

be seen, even to be partially appreciated or understood.

This place, the Grand Canyon Camp, is the destination of my fourth day in the Park. After supper a company of us went to see the bears feed from the "garbage dump," and we saw the black, brown, and the silver-tip—the latter being the most vicious in the Park.

Mr. RuDell, when last seen, was the escort of his so-called "college friend"—but, I ween—his sweetheart. With sleepy eyes, I am your loving friend,

CLARA.

Good night! and may your dreams be more pleasant than mine.

CHAPTER V.

Dear Elsie:—

Having reached the destination of my fifth day's journey in Yellowstone, I will endeavor to continue my custom of describing, briefly, my daily journey, that you may see thru my eye and hear thru my ear—not that I hope to satisfy your travel-hunger, but that you may receive, at least, a faint idea of the Park ere you visit it yourself.

I have just learned that Mr. RuDell's "college friend" is a "dashing young widow"—and I ween that accounts for her winsomeness. Elsie, why is it a fact that a widow is the chosen queen of all romance of actuality? It seems that a widow can "pizen" her husband or separate thru the divorce courts, and then instantly, at one bound, leap to the top of the list of greater matrimony eligibles. No insinuation on the "college friend" widow; I am speaking in general.

The beautiful forest road led us in the early hours of the day's journey past "The Wedded Trees" by the road-side. Two tall trees—the larger representing the man; the smaller, the woman, are united by an ingrowing limb about fifteen feet from the ground. The union is most smooth and perfect, and interestingly unique. I suppose "The Wedded Trees" were very suggestive to "the gentleman hobo" and the widow who passed the point of interest in the stage just in front of ours.

She seems already to have him as securely as the two trees have each other; and, of course, I wish them luck.

Farther along we passed the Virginia Cascade on the left—a silver stream dropping down a gentle stone slope many feet to the deep, rugged valley, and thence following between great, high banks dotted with queerly shaped formations of stone and distantly bordered by the beautiful green of pine. During the whole Park trip, I have seen thousands of the less fa-

mous little animals—squirrels, and chipmunks—darting amid rocks, running across the road, standing upon logs and leaping amid the pines. En route, farther along to the left, we passed the twin lakes—the first one being the prettiest, truest blue I have ever seen. About 100 yards away we came to the other twin—rightly named because of size-sameness, but the latter being, instead of blue, a true green.

Near the road-side, to the right, we passed “Roaring Mountain”—a mountain-side covered with small geysers, steaming and spitting, rumbling, growling and roaring. I have noticed many private tents near the road-side—and these citizens are called “sage-brushers.”

I half long to become a “sage-brusher” myself, to live the whole season in Yellowstone, where all the privileges of the Park are just as free to the humble as to the great.

Over the beautiful arch at Gardiner, the north entrance, a welcome is extended to every citizen, in these good words: “Yellowstone Na-

tional Park, created by Act of Congress, March 1, 1872, For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People.’’

I, as one, feel very grateful for the free privileges of this National Playground of the country, which I love, and of which I am a part. I am glad that notwithstanding arguments to the contrary, women can be as patriotic as men.

Farther along, to the left of the road, we passed the “Beaver Dams”—actually built by these most cunning of all animal artisans—built of brush, mud, sapplings and other material, and the workmanship of which puts that of man to shame. They have their home far beneath the river-bed of the dam—and so winding, numerous and deceitful are the undertrails to their dens, that man finds it difficult to locate their abode. They seem to use the dam of their workmanship as the play-house as well as entrance to their mysterious home. How they have cut and felled the trees—placing them as if by human skill—is both a puzzle and a proof of their genius.

We lunched here at the "Swan Lake Camp," and left about 1:30, en route to Mammoth Hot Springs at which point of interest we remained till three o'clock in the afternoon. Then we started back to the "Swan Lake Camp," where I am spending my last night in the Park.

The drive to Mammoth Hot Springs is a delightful one—winding for a while along Glen Creek, passing Rustic Falls, thru the Golden Gate, then thru the Silver Gate, in view of splendid snow-clad mountain peaks to the distant left, with Bunsen Peak to the right, and then thru a great hill-side of thousands of huge stones of various shapes and sizes—called the "Hoodooos" viewing a herd of buffalo to the right far down in the valley, and then out of the stage to walk over the great formation of many colors, viewing the Mammoth Hot Springs, the two special ones being massive boiling pools of beautiful water, one spotted with colors of sky-blue, deep blue, pale green, yellow, brown and red and having a depth of about 14 feet. The

other spring or pool, not many feet away, appeared to be filled with one color of solid blue, boiling hot—and a formation at the bottom representing beautiful rolling clouds of soft blue. The “Jupiter Terrace” and other note-worthy points of interest, too difficult to describe, and the several buildings (almost a little town) help to make the stop at Mammoth Hot Springs a delightful one.

We returned to the “Swan Lake Camp” at five o’clock this afternoon—it being the destination of my fifth day’s journey in this unique land of beauty and wonders.

My new friend—the Mr. RuDell, and the widow are “sticking close together,” and I suppose I shall not have the opportunity of even bidding him a long farewell.

Elsie, you can sympathize with me, but not every woman can. While I do not hope for it, yet I greatly desire to talk with him just once more ere we part forever. I dislike to have so pleasant an acquaintanceship broken so abrupt-

ly. It were better had we not met, for when expectations wither like flowers, and hope dies after "the withering," life ceases to be a song of joy.

As my visit is nearing an end, you may expect to see me in the not distant future.

Respectfully,

CLARA.

CHAPTER VI.

Dear friend Elsie:—

I am at the Gibbon Lunch Station of the Wylie Camp—the noon stop from Swan Lake Camp, and my sixth and last day in Yellowstone. Left the camp this morning at 7:15 o'clock, just behind the stage in which Mr. RuDell and the widow rode. This interesting couple are watching the bears nearby—while your old faithful is writing this tame letter. During the morning's drive we enjoyed a brief rest at the Norris Geyser Basin, where many spouting geysers and hot pools attract the tourist.

To the left, near the road, we stopped to see the clever little geyser called the "Minute Man," which performed several times while we rested upon the platform. This charming little spouter plays up from six to fifteen feet. While it is not always playing, no tourist waits long to see the "Minute Man" in action.

Passing "Beryl Spring" to the right of the road—a violently boiling cauldron sending up

steam and water; and later the “Chocolate Pots”—one on each side of the Gibbon river, chocolate-colored cones about 12 feet high, with a constant stream of hot water over-flowing the cones, we next passed Gibbon Falls, around which is a landscape of beauty, but altogether too tame to merit description, after one has seen the many greater wonders in Yellowstone.

Elsie, this is my last letter ere reaching home. This afternoon at 4:30 o'clock I reach Riverside, the west entrance from Yellowstone station, whence I make my exit. I have much to tell you when I return—things which can be better told face to face than in writing.

Yours lovingly,

CLARA.

CHAPTER VII.

Having completed their visit in Yellowstone the sixth day of wonderful sight-seeing, the company of tourists reached Yellowstone at seven p. m., where they immediately boarded the Oregon Short Line.

Having cast their last glance at the surrounding scenes, the lovers—Clara and RuDell—found a seat together near the middle of the coach. Having bade farewell to the rustic little tent in which they met, and which had since been a holy memory, the twilight seemed to brood sadly over the close of their parting-day.

In a brief apologetic manner, RuDell told the girl that he was not an author and had not intended writing a book. Having corrected this misconception, he felt that he could part with more ease of conscience, and in the spirit of truth that makes one free.

He was a man of solid principles, careful to live up to the standard he had placed for himself, but not exacting perfection from others;

on the contrary, he was generous-minded and gentle.

“May I ask your forgiveness for having failed to make this correction sooner?” he pleaded.

“Mr. RuDell, we part in peace and perfect goodfellowship, you owe me no apology.”

Saying this, Clara smiled at him with the utter frankness of a child; and again he was conscious of a fullness of sympathy and life in her. Consciously, they were entering upon that period in every heart history where every sentiment of a woman, however glorified, is mixed with sadness, and every emotion of the man is awakened. Like the twilight of a glorious, grand day, would soon come their parting. Each seemed to feel that their recently begun companionship had almost become a necessity to both. Perhaps it was the sudden awakening of an ardent and imaginative temperament, but sweeter in the memory of their recent but constant association,

than the parting. But captivated by the romance, each had indulged these dreams.

Having mutually agreed upon a regular correspondence, life still kept sweet with a hope of the future. It is doubtful whether the two lovers fully recognized the scenes en route, for the ride in itself is enough to arouse one's enthusiasm.

After a comfortable evening, en route, RuDell and Clara had deserted their berths in the sleeper, and were again seated together; but only for a brief time as at Ogden they must part.

Having reached the depot, the lovers stood for a moment, shoulders touching, hands clasped, with the breath of the strange land in their faces. Love seemed temporarily to arouse every tender emotion in them.

At last Clara turned uncertainly: "Good-bye," she said. Then he faced her. There was no time for lingering in conversation, for promises or questions. He knew only that they were about to separate, and the emotion that consumed him was reflected in his eyes as he gave

her little hand a firmer clasp, and while yet holding it, placed a piece of paper, evenly folded, in her other hand.

“Not farewell—but good-bye,” he murmured, as they parted. When she was seated to herself in the car, Clara hastened to read the note which read as follows:

“My dear Miss Denhart: This is to express the love that my tongue found not the courage to undertake. 'Tis sad to part—but would be sadder still, if we should never meet again. As life is uncertain and death is sure, I could not refrain from having you know my love in our parting. Love, for me, is life, and around you my thoughts are clinging. It is only the last love of a woman—however much her experience—that can satisfy the first love of a mature man. ‘It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.’

“Hence my brevity. As per previous promise, please expect a letter from me in the near future. I have the honor to remain your loving friend.

KENDRIC RUDELL.”

CHAPTER VIII.

A golden year had passed since the romance began—a year in which love's dawn had brightened into the fullness of day. Many had been the letters that had passed between these two hearts—Clara and RuDell. He had met her in the beauty of her youth, and in that memory, should they never chance to meet again, she will ever be young and beautiful in his romantic dream. He loved Clara from the first meeting of their eyes; loved her with a lasting love—as every woman longs to be loved—a love inspired by one woman's flower heart—a love in which live smiles, kisses, heart-throbs, and tears. In the maturity of manhood, he had learned that to love is really to live,—and their romance proved as strong and pure as any that has lived in the annals of countless lovers. The radiant reality of romance was like a heavenly beacon light guiding his steps and drawing him toward what is noblest, best and most worth while in life. It is yet time for the world to know and honor

Kendric RuDell, and praise his career—because all the world loves a lover. In every career of exalted, manly character, there lie hidden the influence and the love of a good woman.

Sometimes she is strong and inspiring, like a fresh west wind, and sometimes she is sweet and fair, like a cloudless day in June. Love inspires the smiles that live in the wrinkles of the face; and a lover who has a broad understanding of human nature, eventually learns that a smile upon the face he loves, will eradicate his tears of weariness, anxious longing and wild unrest. Tho far from the girl of his heart, RuDell lives in the dell of memory. He sees Clara smiling in the bright moontide of another day; sees her graceful step full of youth, life and maiden-glory; sees her among the late-blooming flowers of the drowsy Indian summer—when the golden-rods seemed stealing color from the sunbeams that kissed her chestnut-brown hair; her wonderful, dreamy eyes, and gems of ocean-blue or stars in turquoise skies—the large and lustrous

eyes of a fairy-like maiden, whose little hand once rested in his while roses stole into the cheeks of each. The memory had become sacred, made so by the alchemy of love and absence.

Clara was the lure of RuDell's love-light—that undying love-light in his blue-gray eyes that told her at their first meeting and at the parting—told her more than words could tell—the message of his heart. She, it was, who inspired in him that finer courage, and bade him hope against fear, and who taught him to be brave and true. The more he thought of Clara, the stronger became his attachment; the more he saw of her, the more reason he found to love her, and the stronger became his bonds; the longer their association the more her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and at each unfolding to disclose new sweetness and new virtues.

It was a sweet life—this life of theirs, so flavored with a holy love in a world of romance. He

had met her when summer and autumn were shaking hands and while she was yet at the crossing where girlhood and womanhood meet. All the lustre and freshness of youth, which the magic of the painter's brush never quite catches, were yet hers. Her cheeks held the everlasting bloom that lies beyond the barriers of the spring. In the drowsy twilight, in the glorious gloaming, in life's most glorious hours—they had caught the tint and glow which come only from drinking freely from the chalice of health and happiness. While the daffodils yellowed the landscape and the slender lilac trees were blooming, under the tall pines of the beautiful west, by the blazing hearths of pleasant inns, in southern climes, in the open night under the silver stars, in the dew-kissed fields of early morn, along shady brooks musically murmuring, in crowded streets or meadows of solitude—everywhere a tourist might roam, RuDell was living in love's rosy dream—a dream of Clara far away in the suburbs of a western city, where in

the small vine-hung cottage, her birth-place and present home, she was living her quiet hopeful life. It was under the kindly influence of the south-western clime that RuDell was wandering in a wonderful valley—thinking, as only lovers think, of the absent fair one.

He had been walking alone thru such beauty as might have lifted any man's soul out of shadow. But he had walked a long way and it had not lifted his. At last he had felt tired and had thrown himself down to rest on a carpet of moss by a stream. It was a clear little stream which ran quite merrily along on its narrow way thru the luscious damp greenness. Sometimes it made a sound rather like very low laughter as it bubbled over and 'round stones. He saw birds come and dip their heads to drink in it and then flick their wings and fly away. The stream seemed like a thing alive, and yet its tiny voice made the stillness seem deeper. The valley was very, very still.

As he sat gazing into the clear running of the water, RuDell gradually felt his mind and body grow quiet, as quiet as the valley itself. He wondered whether he were going to sleep, but he was not. He sat and gazed at the sunlit water and his eyes began to see things growing at its edge. There was one lovely mass of blue forget-me-nots growing so close to the stream that its leaves were wet, and at these he found himself looking, as he remembered he had looked at such things years ago. He was thinking tenderly how lovely it was and what wonders of blue its hundreds of little blossoms were.

It was as if a sweet clear spring had begun to rise in a stagnant pool and had risen and risen until at last it swept the dark water away. But of course he did not think of this himself. He only knew that the valley seemed to grow quieter and quieter as he sat and stared at the bright delicate blueness. He did not know how long he sat there or what was happening to him, but at last he moved as if he were awakening,

and getting up slowly he stood on the moss carpet, drawing a long, deep, soft breath and wondering at himself. Something seemed to have been unbound and released in him, very quietly.

The next moment, with fountain pen and tablet at his command, he began this letter:

“My dear Clara:—While waiting for the regular answer to my last letter, I cannot refrain from writing again. I am in a beautiful valley where the old lilac bushes—as tall as saplings, are rich with purple bloom, and where there are a thousand dancing blossoms and sweet odors, a rendezvous of birds, and bees, and butterflies—a glad blaze of colors more glorious than those of all the stained-glass windows of the cathedrals of the world. Methinks that the combined beauty of all the valley’s beautiful life is but a fraction of the beauty of your soul, and of your dreamy eyes which reflect so much of your soul’s beauty. Today, even more (if possible) than ever before, my heart is longing for you.

“Dear Clara, too long have we lived apart,

too lonely have been our lives. For a whole, long year I have lived on dreams and hope and thoughts of you and our happiness yet to be. Will hope never blossom into fruit? Will dreams never come true? Will happiness never dawn? The hills over which I ramble, and the valleys in which I rest and dream, seem only to bring thoughts of you. The year since our acquaintance began, has been short and sweet to me here among the glorious green hills, the roses and lilies, the larkspurs bluer than northern seas, and the singing brooks, whose songs have been ever of you. Dear Clara, I am asking you to make my dream come true—to share life with me in a new home—to be built where and how you like. To me, it matters little, where—but the “when” is quite material. My soul is hungry, and naught on earth or in heaven can satisfy the longing, save the union of your life and mine. As you do not doubt my ability to support a wife and a home, and as you already know me, almost better than I know myself, I will neither

enumerate my possessions of earthly goods nor mention my future prospects. I promise to do all in my power that would make you a happy wife and ceaseless bride; for you know that I believe every wife should remain a bride.

“Needless to say, dear Clara, how anxiously I shall await your reply. Upon your answer is hinged all my present and future earthly happiness. With my heart in your careful keeping, I wait, I hope, I pray, and with my whole love I crown you. Will you retain the crown, my dearest? With all a man’s love, I am forever and affectionately yours,

“KENDRIC RUDELL.”

“P. S. Dear Clara, please expect my visit soon after your reply—if favorable.

RUDELL.”

CHAPTER IX.

Not many days later, Clara received RuDell's letter and was very happy to make his dreams come true.

Adorned by Clara's girlhood home, Meadow Shade is a lovely place near the city suburbs—lovely, especially in spring, when, all dappled with daisies, it is stretched out in a thin green blade toward the distant fringe of pines and dogwoods. A tiny stream fringed with dog-fennel and tall reeds crept timidly thru the meadow as if it were afraid of becoming lost in the crowded sewers of the near-by city.

Near the center of the meadow was a tall "dead pine," a lone survivor of a once mighty army of trees. In this tree one might have seen almost any day, two blue-coated birds, busy, lute-throated little creatures, athrob with the tumult of spring. Closer inspection would have revealed about midway of the tree, a small circular hole into which, at intervals, the bluebirds bore bits of leaves and grass, and, occasionally, a feather and a piece of wool. This work con-

tinued for several days, the bluebirds entering into it with zest and enthusiasm. The very greatest care was observed in the building of the nest, for, somehow, the little creatures knew that much depended on the proper arrangement of everything which entered into its construction.

But quiet as was Meadow Shade, and peaceful as were many of the glorious spring days, there were times when the work of the builders was interrupted by untoward circumstances. For into all lives, whether human, or beast, or bird, some shadows must come.

In answering his letter Clara began:

“Beloved RuDell: Your letter makes me indeed happy, and today Meadow Shade is sunnier than ever before—sunny with my golden thoughts of you, and us—our future home—and our mutual happiness.

“Kendric, I have just been watching the building of a new home—a nest by two happy bluebirds in the dead pine in Meadow Shade. You will recall the description of the place in

my previous letters, and perhaps you remember the bluebirds also, as they build here every year. But Kendric, I pray that we may never undergo the difficulty in the making of our new home as have the bluebirds in building their nest. I feel so sorry for them that I could cry. As you are so interested in birds—and as I have also come to love them—especially these bluebirds, I shall here attempt to describe their difficulty in building their nest and their cunning and sweet maneuvers.

First, it was a troublesome sparrow-hawk, a slim, swift sleuth of the air, who seemed to take peculiar pains to meddle in other birds' business. One morning just as the little home-builders were giving the finishing touches to the nest, the sparrowhawk perched himself on the topmost limb of the "dead pine" and sat there preening himself, as if to say, "I am just smoothing out the wrinkles in my coat, and will soon go down to breakfast." Just then the bluebirds emerged from their 'front door,' and,

swift as a flash, the hawk swooped down upon them; his cruel claws poised for the fatal grip. It seemed that fate favored him; that no speed of wing could escape the lightning-like dive of that graceful pirate of the air, but the bluebirds knew a few tricks, too. At the very moment when escape seemed most hopeless, when the hawk's claws seemed closing upon the bright blue jacket of the male bird, the plucky little wife, with a courage quite unexpected, made a sudden dart at the enemy's head. This disconcerted him for the moment, and before he could recover his equilibrium, the bluebirds had made good their escape, flinging defiance at him from the far end of Meadow Shade. The very much disgusted and disconcerted sparrowhawk flew slowly on his way to more promising fields.

Nor was this the end of their adventures. One beautiful moonlight night, as they were sleeping side by side in their cozy nest (for they preferred the safe shelter of the hollow to the uncertain protection of the trees) a great swamp

owl flitted silently to the top of the old dead pine. He sat there very silently and solemnly, listening with all his ears and watching, watching ever so closely with his big bright eyes. Suddenly he dropped down to the limb near the hollow in which the bluebirds were cheeping contentedly in their sleep, and peered into the darkness of the bird home, a cold, cruel gleam in his bold, robber eyes. Eagerly he sought to poke his head thru the door, but, wise as he was, he had miscalculated the size of his head, and was utterly unable to do so. Again and again he made futile efforts to reach the bluebirds. Finally he departed in despair. And the little birds slept on till dawn came stealing out of the east like a dusky maiden with a lap full of roses.

“Sounds like a story—these birds, but Kendric, I rejoice in their triumph, and their home seems so typical of our future home; for the bluebirds seem so happy in their content.

“Yes, dear Kendric, my answer stands for

our happiness—two lives as one; and like the dear bluebirds, may we ever be triumphant over all things that would seek to destroy our domestic joy. I shall expect your visit real soon—shall wait impatiently your arrival. Please inform me by return mail, when to expect you. Ever your own, “CLARA.”

Before addressing an envelope for her reply to RuDell’s letter, Clara received the following letter from a plumber in the near-by city.

“Dear Madam:—Since the slack of business in town permits, I will be out this coming Monday to repair the water-pipe. A great rush in the city has necessitated the delay.

Respectfully,

MATHEW BULLOCK, the plumber.”

Immediately Clara replied to the plumber as follows:

Dear Sir:—Yours of recent date to hand. In reply, I beg to state that the matter to which you refer, has been attended to by another man.

Yours truly,

CLARA DENHART.

Spring wore on into summer, sweet with the incense of the woods and fields. Meadow Shade

was ahum with bees and aquiver with bird songs. Here and there violets lifted their blue eyes in grateful response to the warm kiss of the sun. There was a silvery tinkle of joy in the voice of the tiny stream. And because it gave joy to others, it had good reason to be glad; for morning, noon and night the bluebirds came to drink and dip their wings, flirting the shimmering water over their beautiful blue robes. In the nest in the hollow far overhead, four little birdlets constantly stretched their hungry mouths, and it taxed the resources of both father and mother to keep the wants of their flourishing family even half supplied. They were constantly flying to and fro in search of food, often exposing themselves to danger for the sake of the helpless birds in the nest. But they thought only of the welfare of their young, and were willing to brave almost any peril for them.

Everything went smoothly for awhile, and the young birds were fast feathering. They

were hungrier than ever now, and it seemed a hopeless task trying to satisfy such ravenous appetites, but the faithful little parents did their very best, often denying themselves. One day, just as the mother was returning from a long journey a mile or more beyond the border of the meadow, a boy with a rifle sighted and shot her to the ground—almost breaking the poor bluebird's wing. No sooner than the cruel act, Clara, seeing the wounded bird's peril, ran to the scene, bade the boy to leave, and took the mother-bird to her home where in a few days, the girl had nursed the little life back to health—permitting her to join her mate and birdlets in the nest. Healed it seems, by the kind care and kisses of a tender lover, the mother-bird and the remainder of the happy bluebird family, continued to chirp sweetly and happily. Meadow Shade would seem strange and unnatural were they not there to enliven it with song, to harbinger in its spring, to gladden its summers, and to soften the sternness of its cold white winters.

CHAPTER X.

Nearly a fortnight had passed since posting the letter of proposal to Clara, when RuDell received the following:

Dear Sir:—Yours of recent date to hand. In reply, I beg to state that the matter to which you refer, has been attended to by another man.

Very truly,

CLARA DENHART.

RuDell laid the scented sheet aside with misty eyes and a broken hope. His peace of mind was taken from him—while nothing of the golden romance was left but memory. Realizing the agony of the sudden end to which his courtship had come, he thought of their happy past—their beautiful days together in Yellowstone, the several sweet letters he had received from Clara's hand, and of all the rapture of companionship he had hoped those letters foretold; and with a sigh, he leaned his head upon his hands. He did not weep visibly, for fate had stricken him with sorrow too deep for tears. The lilac trees were blooming beneath a sky of perfect blue, but RuDell saw nothing, heard

nothing, felt nothing, save the sting of disappointment. Each hour had suddenly become a blank—a maddening treadmill to be endured. The girl he loved, it seemed to him, had vowed to love another man. RuDell could, for the first time in his life, truly sympathize with the old-fashioned, but celebrated lover, Washington Irving, who, on the death of his sweetheart (Matilda,) wrote:

“The ills I have undergone in this life have been dealt out to me drop by drop and I have tasted all their bitterness. I saw her fade rapidly away, beautiful and more beautiful and angelic to the very last. I was often by her bedside, and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before.”

While Clara still lived, she was to RuDell as one dead, for he thought that he should never more look upon her sweet face, never more see

her dreamy blue eyes, nor hear her soft, shy voice. He felt that he could be happier if she were dead, and her spirit borne away to the fair land where there are no partings.

It seemed that their brief dream of happiness was over. The roses of love had fallen before they were full-blown. There would be no summer-time. Every hope crept away on stealthy footsteps.

Now he could only cling to the memory, and hug the brief flower-time in his hungry arms. But he was consoled that to Clara he had been frank, honest and faithful.

So poignant were his memories he could not speak. In a moment he arose and silently slipped from the room—and then into the great out-doors—into God's open fields. The golden summer had changed into the deeper golden autumn.

Among the trees on a spot free from underbrush were some rustic seats, and a natural grape-vine swing. The seats were placed there

as if for lovers. He had thought that the mutual love of himself and Clara was as strong and constant as ever a love could be; nothing could have diminished it or caused it to waver. It was rooted in a full knowledge of each other's character, and a regard that had grown out of that knowledge.

He walked so far that when he returned the moon was high and full and all the world was purple in shadow and silver. The stillness of lake and shore and wood was so wonderful that he did not go into the villa he lived in. He walked down to a little bowered terrace at the water's edge and sat upon a seat and breathed in all the heavenly scents of the night. He felt the strange calmness stealing over him, and it grew deeper and deeper until he fell asleep.

He did not know when he fell asleep and when he began to dream; his dream was so real that he did not feel as if he were dreaming. He remembered afterward how intensely wide awake and alert he had thought he was. He

thought that as he sat and breathed in the scent of the late roses and listened to the lapping of the water at his feet, he heard a voice calling. It was sweet and clear and happy and far away. It seemed very far but he heard it as distinctly as if it had been at his very side.

The voice in his dream was the sweet voice of Clara, but now that it was only a dream, it haunted him. As he walked on and on until the village and the lake were left far behind, and he was alone with the sky and the sand, the numbed feeling in his heart gradually left him, and his power of suffering came back. Blindly he stumble on in the darkness, unheeding the distance he had traveled.

Dawn succeeded night, and sunset was followed by darkness again; but RuDell was oblivious of the changes.

CHAPTER XI.

Now that the crucial moment of their romance had passed—for the engagement is, to a girl, nearly as great a goal as the marriage itself, Clara had taken RuDell at his promise, and had already begun to prepare for his visit.

“P. S. Dear Clara, please expect my visit soon after your reply—if favorable. Russell.” Remembering the foregoing in his letter, naturally Clara thought that she should expect him soon,—“for,” she thought, “my reply was favorable.” Always, as long as she lived, Clara would remember the visit to Yellowstone. She was unspeakably, unbelievably happy. A man who seemed to her as high, as fine, as the heroes of her favorite stories had fallen in love with her. The ideal of all her choice of dreams and characters of fiction had become a fact—her very own. That he had wooed her with the tact of a citizen of the world, as well as with the tact of a genius, was a marvel for which she told herself she would be grateful to Heaven every

day that she lived. She felt sure, in the swelling rapture of her heart, that, had they not met, she must have gone unwed all her days. They had been born for each other; and Yellowstone had been preserved but to make the radiant setting for the most wonderful proposal that all the ages had ever known. It was in some such way that she thought of their betrothal. In thought she recalled the first day they had looked upon Yellowstone, bathed in the golden light of Indian summer, and of their meeting in the rustic depot when she gave "the five" to encourage the "hobo in his big wager"—and to have him in their company thru this Park. Henceforth, she alone would have him, his well-earned wager and his undying love.

Some poor women have the terrible misfortune to love unworthy men. Some dull women have the misfortune not to know what is worthy and what is unworthy. How doubly blessed was she to know what constitutes intellectual fineness, moral grandeur, and to find those

qualities in her lover. In this childish way she rejoiced in her victory. While yet rejoicing in the future happiness which awaited her in the new home which she hoped to select, Clara received the following letter:

Dear Clara: I regret that your reply has brought such a fatal, and sudden discontinuation to our romance. While, of course, I shall not pay you the visit which I had anticipated, I hope that the man who has the honor to be your husband will be more worthy than myself—and that you'll be very happy in his keeping. Forever your well-wisher,
KENDRIC RuDELL.

At receiving this Clara was unspeakably surprised, mystified, shocked and saddened. "Is Kendric insane, fickle, or has he gone mad?" she exclaimed to herself. The evening shadows were gathering over Meadow Shade when she sought to be alone in the open—alone to weep among the flowers. She sought the same spot as the night before—then she had come to be alone with her fancies, to indulge in the luxury of happy thoughts, to study the stars, for, over the romantic girl the enchantment of Meadow Shade had only the night before cast its magic

spell. Slowly her white figure moved about under the dark, green trees. The peacock fluttered among the tree-tops as if alarmed at the walking form below. A moment she paused to pluck a rosebud, and gave a little cry as the thorns pricked her hand.

All night long she did not sleep, and a tempest of trouble tormented her. Ah, how she had loved this man! How she longed for the rapturous nuptial moment since he had kissed her hand! "Could the love have been with Kendric," she sighed, "only the playful whim of a moment?" Could the man in whom she had confided, and on whom depended her future happiness—could he be so utterly false, so wholly untrue? "Oh, why did he write the letter of proposal," exclaimed Clara, as if talking to the stars, "if he did not mean it?"

She would leave home immediately. She even commenced packing, only to break down, realizing that she could not leave while there was a possibility of seeing him.

One day followed another, and she passed thru every stage of suffering possible to a sensitive woman. A week went by, but still she lingered, tho she no longer hoped. If RuDell came now she would greet him with indifference; when in the first of her disappointment, she felt at moments that the shock would kill her. Finally a strange quietness settled over her. Her nerves had been strung too tensely, and now was the rebound. She moved a little languidly as she emerged into the strong sunlight, and yet there was that in her aspect which suggested youth, gentleness and love.

The fountain of a woman's tears had washed the roses from Clara's cheeks; but who could say but that every tear was a prayer to the one who has promised "to wipe away all tears?" To God alone is known the biography of a tear.

Yea, verily, the tears of the world are the capital of civilization, as truly as the thoughts of the world. They give literature feeling, and instruct the philosophy of the world in the

deeper language of the heart. They humanize art by adding heart to brain, and filling with warm enthusiasm the dreams of the masters.

At last, as she sat alone in Meadow Shade, Clara decided that as "all is fair in love and war," that she would invent some scheme to bring RuDell to her presence. For a long time she argued with herself, as to the best plan to bring about his early visit. "I'll let him learn that I am dead, and he will surely come to my funeral. No, no, I don't want to be dead—of course I want to be alive when he comes." Clara reflected in a childish way, and evidently decided that there was a better plan.

"That would be going too far, for what good would it do to find out that he loved me when I was dead. But I might be just coming back to life, yet that would be somewhat awkward and difficult to arrange. Perhaps I'd better be in danger of death or badly hurt or something like that. Then I can very soon find out how much he thinks of me by the way he acts when he gets my telegram."

Slowly the possibility of this scheme began to impress Clara. "He ought to have a good scare—and the more horrid, the better! I'll sit right down and write the telegram." She looked puzzled again. "Now, what's going to be the matter with me? Consumption won't do, it's too awfully pathetic, and it won't do in this case. O, dear, no! it's too slow; besides, it wouldn't look right for me to get over it in a hurry. Perhaps I'd better be just wasting away? No, no, that's too indefinite. I want something 'sort of startling,' to stir him up. I think I'd better be shot. Oh, that's too horrible! and vulgar! I couldn't think of being shot. Why not phneumonia? No, that sounds common. But typhoid would do pretty well. But not enough of a shock in that. Shooting is better—a mysterious shooting. The mystery will make it more effective. It's horrid to be shot, but it's the very thing to bring Kendric to my bedside. Then he's so tender-hearted any way. I'll just let the telegram say Miss

Clara Denhart mysteriously shot; she calls for you constantly in her delirium. No, that would never do. It would be too humiliating, and I have too much pride to call for a man. Oh, yes! but I'm not responsible for what I do in a delirium. Oh, the delirium's just the thing! But I don't like to call for him. I might whisper his name while delirious, but I must not call for him. It seems unrefined and bold to cry for a man. All right, now I'll just bring him here as fast as the train can bring him. That is, if he loves me. And if he don't, I don't want him to come—never!"

Thinking all the foregoing plans over deliberately, the child-like girl-lover wrote the following telegram:

Mr. Kendric RuDell:—

Miss Clara Denhart mysteriously shot at Meadow Shade. Whispers your name while delirious. If you wish to see her alive, come quickly.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Secretly, Clara took the next car for the city and sent the telegram. Altho feeling very guilt-

ty of her own untruthfulness, Clara felt some relief; some of the color returned to her face, and her eyes showed that life still held something of hope for her.

Hurrying back to her home, Clara remained prepared to meet RuDell when he came in sight of the house, lest the family might learn of her trick. Clara had an anxious time of it after the telegram had been sent. She hoped and she doubted; she hoped more than she doubted, but there was enough of doubt to keep her in a state of nervous excitement. She considered all the possibilities, and then considered them again, and each time she reduced them to questions and hurled them at herself. Would he come? Would he even write? How would he take the news?

The time that must elapse before they could expect to hear had been figured almost to minutes. Then, at any rate, she would know the worst—or the best. This was not a matter that admitted of delay; he would come at once or he

would not come at all. If he came, all would be well; if he wrote, much would depend upon what he wrote; if he did neither, she would know that her dream was over.

Meanwhile Kendric RuDell had received the telegram, and was properly "startled" at learning the horrible news.

"Poor little girl," he murmured, when he had so far recovered from the shock that he was able to say anything; "wounded, suffering—and whispering my name in her delirium. I must see her as quickly as a train will carry me."

There was no thought of the rebuff he had so recently received. He was so straightforward and certain in his own decision that it had never occurred to him that a misunderstanding might occur between them. While he had been both hurt and angered by her apparent change of heart, sympathy for her left room for nothing of resentment now. It was enough that she needed him.

“Must have been an accident,” he thought
“There isn’t anybody who could be such a brute
as to hurt her.”

His heart thrilled, in spite of his anxiety, at the knowledge that his name was on her lips, yet it was love and sympathy, rather than hope, that dictated his decision to go to her at once. Nor did these reflections, and his hopes and fears, delay the decision of his visit. He was thinking very tenderly of her—thinking unselfishly of her suffering and danger, without reference to the possible effect upon his own life. Immediately he looked up the time of departure of the first available train, and then he notified his partner that he was going. He thought of telegraphing for definite information, but decided that there would not be time to get an answer.

No less soon than train schedule, and the time required on the trolley from the city to Meadow Shade, RuDell arrived at Clara’s home. In the peaceful beauty of the twilight, Clara had

walked to the far edge of the long front yard—vainly hoping, it seemed to her, and longing to meet her lover on his arrival. In sight of where she sat, Clara could see the trolleys stop to take on and let off passengers. In her longing for RuDell's arrival, she forgot the suffering his recent letter had caused her. Seated upon the "wooden stile," Clara noticed that a passenger from the car had started in her direction. Closer inspection revealed that the passenger was a man. The shadows were too deep to catch his profile as he pressed nearer and nearer the waiting girl. "If it's Kendric," Clara cautioned herself, "I must not forget that I have been shot; and I must call him before he opens the gate, so he won't go to the house before seeing me."

"And I must not be so well as to run to meet him," she decided. A flickering gleam from the distant trolley head-light convinced Clara beyond a doubt that the approaching form was that of her lover. The blood quickened in her

veins. As RuDell was about to open the gate, Clara called: "Kendric! O, Kendric!"

Knowing her voice, RuDell turned his head, observed Clara sitting upon the "wooden stile," and rushed to her side. "O, Clara! my dear little girl, are you able to be out so soon?"

She held out her arms, threw them around his neck, as he took her in his arms. Once more becoming conscious of his love, a quivering passed over her face. For a second or more she helplessly returned his glance, as if she would fill herself with the sight of him. With all the sense of loving in her, the delicate passionateness which never before had obtained full expression, and which gave to her lips such a curve and to her eyes such a light that it seemed to him her woman's soul literally flowered there, he felt between them a stronger tie. A new grace seemed born in her.

"Tell me, dear, about the shooting—was it an accident—do you suffer still—have you recovered?" Asking these questions in the same

breath, RuDell lifted his blue-gray eyes to her, and Clara saw in them both tenderness and love.

She gazed upon him with a troubled look.

“Ye shall know the truth,” she whispered. “Doesn’t the Bible say that? And it shall make you free. The truth is—is—that I have not been shot—I—I just had to see you! O, Kendrick, can’t you understand?”

Her speech broke into sobs as he again took Clara in his arms.

“Yes, yes, I understand, little girl. I’m glad I came—glad it’s not so—the accident.”

In his voice was a keen compassion, for her tears, her cunning, her devotion had played on the tense chords of his true, tender heart.

“Your letter,” he said, producing it from his pocket, “was quite a disappointment—a mystery.”

“My letter?” she replied. “my letter was a favorable reply to your—”

Here he produced the letter which he had received, saying:

“Do you call this a favorable reply?”

The moonlight permitted a difficult reading, as Clara poured over the sheet with anxious eyes. It read:

“Dear Sir:—Yours of recent date to hand. In reply, I beg to state that the matter to which you refer, has been attended to by another man.

“Very truly, CLARA DENHART.”

“O, Kendric,” exclaimed Clara, “how very stupid of me! I—I’m so sorry, Kendric, I mailed you the letter I had written to a plumber in the city in reply to a letter from him, regarding the mending of our water pipes; and O, Kendric, I just know that I mailed my reply to your letter to him. The horrid thing! Why did he not send it back at once?”

“Then you never intended to reject my proposal?”

YELLOWSTONE PARK ROMANCE

“Me reject you?” exclaimed Clara, “of course, I did not! It’s just as I say—I accepted at once!”

“Little girl,” replied RuDell, taking her in his arms, “I understand it all now, and I love you all the more for your bravery. You are just the kind of girl a man would go to the earth’s end to win—and now—now we belong to each other.”

THE END.

